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# MILESTONE

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#### Mission Statement:

Milestone is the annual art and literature review published by Southwestern Community College. The purpose of this magazine is to showcase the creative expressions of Western North Carolina artists and writers.

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Afternoon On a Hir

I will be the happiness thing under the sun,
I'll touch a hundred flowers,
And not pick one.

I will look at trees and clouds with quiet eyes,

Watch the wind blow down the grass,

And the grass rise.

When the lights begin to shine up from the town,

I will mark which must be mine,

And then start down.

- Terry Ammons



## Big City Town

A girl in the gutters of a big city town Alone in the rain, no other around

She shivers there making one last call 'No more to lose...she's lost it all

Tracks on her arms are there to show Rest of the story only she will know

People helped as best they could

She laughed at them, stood where she stood

Family gathers on New Year's Eve She's caught by surprise, hastens to leave

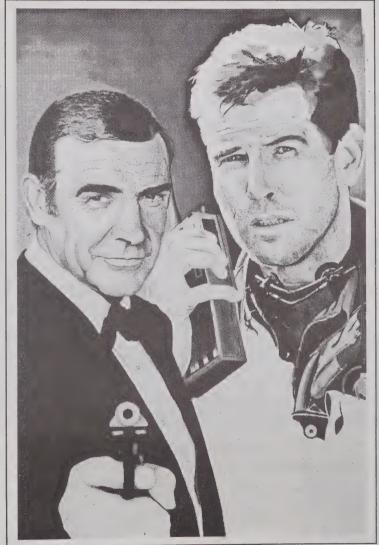
She is restrained among the screams

Not part of the plan of this family's dreams

I'll kill myself - I thought I would A person said...maybe you should

Eyes glanced about and quickly down We've lost this girl in a big city town

- Karen Gilfillan





- Troy Brolin

#### One Teenage Girl

She's almost a whole child

Grabbing hold of life with all passionate embraces

But still gnawing at the cold plaster,

searching for comfort underneath the warmth and

darkness of her bed which no one else dares to go

The way she acts when no one is looking and

The way she hides her tears with a tender laugh

Shows you that

Thinking does no wrong

Innocence is betraying her one note at a time all too soon

Pictures on the wall tell a story of her life and what she wants it to be like

The famous faces and quotes that the world hears

The people she loves will be in her heart forever

The poems on the wall tell her this is true

But the colorful images back her into her closet, projecting life all too loud

Filled with the spirit of the saxophone, that wails songs of loneliness

As she looks through the windows of the outside world

Her jellybeans and gummy bears bring commotion into the room

The posters have sublime superiority to the tape

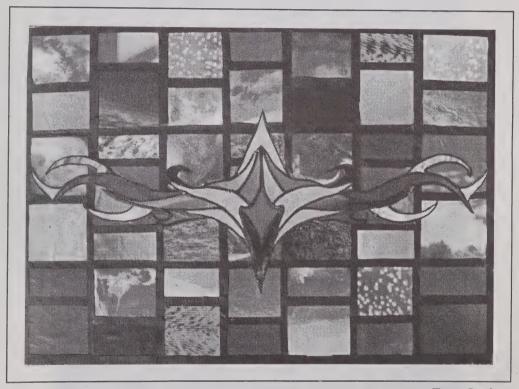
which holds them up

She sits in the middle of her room reading a book of far away places

A fairy tale that tells her the meaning of life

The life in her poems

- Melanie Chenoa Harmon



- Travis Gresham



- Kerry Meier





- Melanie Chenoa Harmon

#### Don't Got Nothin'/Got it All

- Karen Gilfillan

Granny felt like a fat lazy dog wagging its tail on this sweltering summer day in July. The spirit is there, but the weed pulling bones would rather be swinging in the hammock.

Sounds of pedestrian traffic were stirring up gravel on the driveway. Interesting, nobody walks to this place. Granny glances up to see Hang Dog appear at the bend, closely followed by a toothy grinned young boy. Opie comes to mind.

Creaking to a standing position (erect posture is required when dealing with aliens), she observes the interaction between Hang Dog and the boy.

"Hey young man, they call me Granny. Who might you be?"

"Andy." Ah ha, Andy the alien. Shehas never seen this kid before in her country- living life.

"Andy, where did you begin your journey?" (Granny was stickin' with the alien genre.)

"Oh, at the Robert's. My dad, me, and my sisters (accompanied by a shrug and a resigned attitude - sisters can produce that posturing) are here for a week."

"Your sisters older than you?"

"Yep, they're twelve. They're twins. They bug me sometimes."

"Where do you live when not visiting the Roberts?"

"Virginia."

"Looks like you and Hang Dog have met."

"Oh, yes. He's a neat dog. Is that his

name?"

"Well, actually, his name is Mac."

"Hey, you just called him Hang Dog!"

"Yes. He seems to like hanging around here."

"Is he your dog?"

"No, he belongs to my neigbor, Mr. Bennie."

"Who's Mr. Bennie?"

"He lives just down the way from the Roberts."

"Oh."

"Hey, you have horses!"

"Ah, not really, they belong to Rusty."

"Who's Rusty?"

"He lives down 107 in the yellow house. The horses spend the summer here in the pasture."

"What are their names?"

"Toby, Fiesty, and Mr. Jiggs."

"Are you sure? You said Hang Dog's name was Mac."

"I'm sure."

"Oh, okay. Ah, that pond I came by on the way down the driveway - does it have any fish in it?"

"Yes, there are trout in the pond."

"Can I go fishin' sometime?" "

"Well, first we have to check with Mr. Al."

"Who's he?"

"Mr. Al stocks the pond with fish."

"Well, ain't it your pond?"

"Yes, my pond; Mr. Al's fish."

A very long pause.....

Looking Granny straight in the eye,



Andy states: "You have a dog, horses and fish, but none of them are yours."

"That's right."

"Don't you got nothin?" (Gotta work on those double negatives, kid)

"Well, I have many neighbors who share."

"Let me try'n figure this out - Hang Dog comes by to visit, but he's not your dog. And his real name is Mac."

"Correct."

"He's Rusty's dog."

"No, he's Mr. Bennie's dog."

"I thought the horses were Bennie's."

"No, they belong to Rusty." (This is beginning to sound like an Abbot and Costello routine.)

"You have a pond, but the fish belong to Mr. Al."

"Very good, Andy."

"You live in a weird neighborhood!"

"Think about it, Andy, we have a pasture, but no horses of our own. We have a pond, but the fish belong to Mr. Al."

"Oh hey, this is a pretty cool place. Everybody shares."

"That's the way life works, Andy. Would you like to have some blueberries to share with your family?"

- "Oh yeah!"

"Well, then, let's go pick some."

"Pick some - they grow on trees?"

"Short trees, they're called bushes."

"I didn't know they grow on trees - I mean, bushes." (The kid has a smile that deserves a hug.)

After picking a pint or so, Granny called a halt to the activity.

"Andy, we have to stop now." The look on the kid's face was ever so woeful. He looks at his small bag of berries and then up at Granny. "When you pick berries, you have to stop now and then."

"Why?"

"So you can pick 'em and eat 'em." His face lit up like a Christmas tree.

"We'll munch a few and then fill your bag to....?"

"Share? With my dad and sisters. Right?"

"Right."

"Hey, I Like this sharing thing. This is a neat neighborhood! You got it all."



## face of the Daydreamer

He was watching the laundry
dry in the sunlight,
the grass growing emerald green
and a gorgeous belly dancer
passing as a cirrus cloud
drifting northward
shimmering with backbeat.

He was listening to the drone
of a distant airplane,
squirrels gabbing up a storm
and a complete symphony
composed of good thoughts
providing a customized soundtrack
for a completely perfect day.

He was feeling lazy
without a twinge of guilt,
a warm gentle gulf breeze
that hinted of an evening shower
and felt fortunate beyond measure
that love can fly
at the speed of thought.

- Michael Revere



- Kerry, Meier

#### THE POSTMAN AND THE SPINSTER

- Jessica Bell

Mr. Farnaby's first wife died young, and he had been a widower for almost a decade when Mrs. Worthingale and her daughter, Cordelia, came one April to live at Locust Gap. Attracted by Cordie's good looks and ladylike ways, he took pains to make himself agreeable during their visits at the mailbox, for in those days Cordie somehow arranged to be within speaking distance when the postman drove by.

After several months of paving the way, he arrived at the gate one morning bearing, in addition to the regular mail, a watermelon, which he asked leave to put in the spring, with the suggestion that he return in the late afternoon to cut it for them.

The cutting took place beneath the tall poplars of the spring basin. Mr. Farnaby carved the melon with manly competence, then kept a respectful distance while entertaining both Cordie and her mama with such spritely conversation that he was invited to stay for supper. And with a pleased and flustered Cordie claiming a passionate fondness for watermelon, that first visit turned into a weekly event for the remainder of the summer.

When the season changed and Mr. Farnaby ran out of watermelons, he began to show up with chocolate-covered cherry cordials, which Cordie discovered she liked

just as well, if not better. Mrs. Worthingale approved of the jovial man and the semi-stimulating effect he was having on her daughter, and after the first few visits found herself with pressing business elsewhere on the place whenever he stopped by.

During the rainy season, Lumbertown Road was axle-deep in mire and the mail ran infrequently; still, Mr. Farnaby managed to call occasionally, and after the road firmed up in the spring, he sometimes took Cordie driving on a Sunday afternoon. "Old Gert," his '27 Chevrolet, was practically new back then.

It was all very pleasant, but it seemed to Mr. Farnaby that things moved a bit slowly. It was nine months before Cordie permitted him to hold her hand, and in the third summer of his courtship a small but significant incident occurred that caused him some doubts and considerable discouragement. They were sitting together on the porch swing and Mr. Farnaby, feeling relaxed and mellow after an exceptionally fine Sunday dinner, moved so close to Cordie that his serge-clad knee lightly and momentarily brushed against her person. She reacted by jerking bolt upright, twitching her skirts aside, and whispering angrily, "Watch yourself, Mr. Farnaby!"

After that, Mr. Farnaby began to feel a little restless, and although he continued his

visits, something had gone out of his anticipation of them.

Cordie, for her part, was quite content. She enjoyed the attentions of a man whose status in the community was undeniable—and who was taller than she was—and as time went on, a good many of the hours spent at her needlework were also taken up with daydreams of the inevitable proposal of matrimony. At first she feared it, and then she came to look forward to it.

She would refuse him, of course, but in such a dignified and kindly way that he couldn't fail to realize she was far too good for him; whereupon, despite this crushing blow to his hopes and dreams, his devotion would become all the more unwavering for being hopeless, and the good times would go on just as before. She envisioned an endless cyle of watermelons and cherry cordials rotating with the seasons through the years. But it didn't turn out that way.

One tedious August evening, Mr. Farnaby accompanied his brother to a box supper social at a church in the adjoining county. The box he bid on was done up in white wrapping paper with a sprig of Butterand-Eggs blossom tucked into its floppy yellow ribbon-bow, and inside there were thick slices of ham, potato salad, pickled peaches, and the biggest, lightest, spiciest—in fact, the most delectable—sorghum biscuits he had ever tasted. Along with the box went the company of its creator, Miss Pearl Mae Plemmons, who was short and round and rosy, with devilish black eyes and a merry giggle that seemed to encourage and

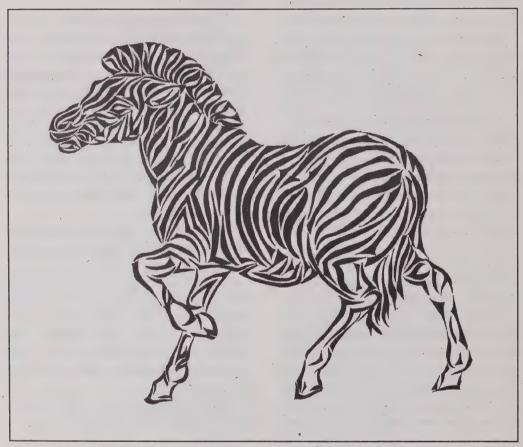
invite until—it was no more than two months later—Mr. Farnaby found himself-back in the same church, his head fairly spinning and Miss Pearl on his arm, speaking his yows.

Then Woodrow Farnaby, always one to make the best of his lot, became a truly happy man. As he maneuvered Old Gert over his long, rough route with its flooded creeks and bone-jolting bumps, contending philosophically with mud and flat tires and boiling radiators, the thought of his plump pink Pearl, safe at home busily baking sorghum biscuits or singing whilst she worked out the peanut patch, never failed to cheer him and to remind him that he was the luckiest of men.

Cordie, when she heard the news, took a fit of indignation, rocking tight-lipped in her chair, inventing dire misfortunes for men with watermelons. After that, she avoided Mr. Farnaby like a plague of hornets, and any business with the Postal Service was transacted by Mrs. Worthingale, who remained on cordial terms with its local ambassador despite the unfortunate affair with Cordie.

She knew her daughter, and she had not had much hope from the start.





- Rachel Jones



- Stephani Fajardo

#### Face of Creation

When God's creation

starts creating,

free will

has the steering wheel

but for a blink

of the cosmic eye.

Long enough

for the decisions

of a lifetime

to determine

one's own future

existence,

nothing more.

- Michael Revere



- Ashley Delashmit



- Sherry Peek

#### Family Quilts

We delight in finding ourselves and each other in the quilts identifying pieces of our lives saved in string-tied boxes shawls and sweaters came in;

Scraps of every age outgrown sewn in even stitches.

Even aunts and uncles seldom seen except at funerals are there in shirts and dresses memorized.

With each expectancy of cold the quilts come out of storage to grace each grateful bed with Grandma's love we reflect on the family patterns and sleep warm.

- Gene Lominac



- Rachel Harris

## unsilenced

Your face was carved

From smoke.

Your arms numbed the world

In a single stroke.

Your eyes were the darkness

Beneath a storm.

Your chest was the mountain

That kept me warm.

. The sound of your heart

Made the planets collide, the weight

Of your lips, changed the pace of the tide.

You made me whole,

And tore me apart.

Your perception of life,

Unsilenced my heart...

- Terry Ammons

#### SIR TRAYTON'S SAGA

- Robert Harrison

Sighing wearily, the old woman lowers herself into a sturdy, ornate rocker, eyeing her granddaughter threateningly.

"So, you have disturbed my noon nap to hear a story about love?" she asks, her words followed by a long stream of coughing."

Waiting patiently for her grandmother to stop coughing, the young girl nods.

"Yes, Gam, I do. You see, I met this lovely young man, and well, I just want to know what love feels like so I can see if I have it. Uh, love that is."

Smiling sadly, the old woman nods.

"I can tell you what love feels like, but I think a story would be more in order. A story about true love."

A soft breeze wafted through the recesses of the temple, bringing the cloying fragrance of spring-time with it. Birds piped and sang joyously, their melodies calming and relaxing the amazingly beautiful lady who stood listening to their song.

Her long, blonde hair fell unchecked down her white back, exposed due to the cut of her gown. Soft, grayish-blue eyes, dancing with inner joy and triumph, watched the spring arrive in full in her small, private garden. A soft smile turns her soft, supple lips up; her father has allowed her to see him!

Her father, Lord Braxton, granted her request to let her champion, the noble, and amazingly handsome (in her opinion) Sir Trayton. What a man! She thinks absently, twirling the stem of a flower about between her fingers. So dashing, and kind. Chatting animatedly with even the lowest kitchen maid. Always ready with a joke and smile. And those eyes! Some days a dark hunter-green; other days a deep, oakbrown, but always rich with love and happiness.

She smiles again, a twinkle coming once again to her eyes. She would wed this man, no matter what the court gossips' said!

The clank and rattle of plate-mail catches her attention, as does the swirl of a midnight blue cape. There, beneath a sweeping archway he stands, talking with a lowly stable hand. Smiling and joking with the boy, Sir Trayton Trueheart, seems to brighten the already lovely day with his mere presence.

Politely excusing himself from the conversation, Sir Trayton clanks his way over to her. His lady, Lady Traelithe of the Lochsheim Manner. Smiling softly, that mere turning up of his supple lips, he bends and kisses her hand.

Blushing prettily, she smiles back at him, "Surely we have reached the stage in

our relationship that formalities no longer apply?" she asks with a laugh. He flashes her his most charming smile before answering.

"Of course, but matters of honor require no court for them to be honored." Still smiling, he sweeps his fine velvet cape off and covers the garden bench with it, inviting her to sit. She sits, but he remains standing.

She is used to this. Once, when asked he explained that it was simply too difficult standing up in plate-mail to bother with sitting down!

His jovial face suddenly turns serious, an expression she has never quite seen before. "Tomorrow," he says softly, as if fearing the words, "tomorrow, I fight in the Royal Tournament. I could well be killed, love, I want you to know that," She nods, gulping down the sudden urge to wrap her arms around him. "But," he continues, trying his best to ignore the pain written across her every feature, "if I am to marry you, I must have the proper title. To get that title, I must defeat the Duke of Yorkshire." She nods, her face still set in its sorrowful stance. With a sigh, Trayton kneels beside her.

"Love, you know I want nothing more than to take you as my wife, and yet, I cannot. Your family would never allow it with my present title." He snorts sullenly. "Magistrate of a back water farming town!" He rubs grimly at his fine plate-mail. "The

only reason I have this mail is because I defeated the man wearing it. Love, I long to be able to buy proper items with my own coin. I long to be able to return to my Keep after a long day and see your shining face waiting for me. I long for the chance at happiness that fate and rank have denied me! I long for you!" The fervor with which he speaks draws her closer, so close that they are both surpised when his speech is ended abruptly by a gentle kiss.

Smiling, Traelithe draws back, leaving a bemused and slightly light-headed Sir Trayton gazing at her with undisguised love.

"Merely something to add strength to your sword arm." With that, she tears a long strip of fabric from the folds of her dress; tying it about Sir Trayton's armored forearm. "Something to aid your desire as well, love."

Sir Trayton's war horse paces nervously beneath him, the grunt from its mouth masking its rider's own sounds of annoyance.

The day dawned hot and clear, with an oppressive heat beating down upon those gathered at the arena. Long rows of nobility surround the mounted men-at-arms, their gaily clothed bodies causing Sir Trayton's head to swirl with nausea.

God, did everyone dress to crash with one another? He thinks to himself. Unlike his steed, all the other knight's war horses are as armored as the men they carry. Covered in heavy plate, and standing high above the rest, is Duke Yorkshire. If Sir Trayton manages to defeat the Duke, not only will he be granted his armor, but his lands and titles as well.

Checking his impatience, he waits. Several knights joust before him, their lances and grunts sounding numbly beneath the oppressive heat.

Sir Trayton, sweltering in his armor/oven, wipes grimly at his forehead with a small, rough cloth. Snapping his visor shut, he kicks his heels into his mount, urging the great beast forward as his name, and the Duke's are called.

Saluting each other, they charge.

The fight progresses, with, in one pass, both contestants being unseated from their mounts. After several stinging, and ultimately, meaningless injuries and slashes toward each other, they separate and begin their slow circle.

The first telling blow is scored upon Trayton, the Duke knocking his helm off and sacrificing his honor by attacking the prone Knight. Trayton easily fought the Duke back and regained his feet, only to meet an offensive flurry that he had never expected.

The next telling blow is scored by Trayton. He shield-slams the Duke in the side of the face, sending him and his helm, flying to the ground. Trayton waits patiently for the Duke to stand before they continue the fight.

The dull snap and screech of armor announces the end of the fight as the Duke

plants his blade in Trayton's stomach, and Trayton delivers his blade into the Duke's rib cage. With a wet scream, the Duke falls to the heavily trodden ground, a thin stream of blood escaping from between his clenched teeth. Trayton sinks to his knees, the Duke's blade buried halfway up its length in his stomach.

Trayton feels that he is falling down a long, dark tunnel, before his head hits the dirt. A terrified shriek reaches his ears, and he turns suddenly bleary eyes to see Traelithe sprinting towards him. Smiling weakly, Trayton collapses to the ground.

Traelithe kneels over her love's bleeding body, taking his head gently into her lap. Her tears fall silently on his face, and he opens watery, hunter-green eyes to look at her. That familiar smile flickers across his face.

"Don't cry love...I will be waiting...for you no matter how long you take." He gasps, dark blood running from his parted lips.

Sobbing brokenly, she grimly shakes her head, "I cannot imagine life without you love." She mumbles, drawing another smile from him.

"You will live... as is my noble right as victor...I grant...you all the estates I have...for myself are now yours. Live, love again...there are many others who can take my place...I will be waiting...for you. We shall take our eternal sleep together. love." A small bubble of blood bursts from his mouth, and his ragged breathing begins to slow.

"If you die, I die with you, love."

Tralithe sobs brokenly, but Trayton is beyond hearing. His handsome face peaceful, his eyes wide, he lies there, pale, with blood running from his month.

Her young face amazingly sad and troubled, the granddaughter looks at her aged grandmother, whose eyes are slightly misted.

"Gam, what ever happened to Traelithe?" she asks, her voice tentative.

"She married, and bore children and those bore grandchildren, but she never loved again. Oh, her husband adored her and all, but her heart was always for her dashing knight, who lost his life trying to win title enough so that he could marry her." Her ancient voice bitter, the old woman leans forward. "My dear, you may love this young man, but never let rank interfere with what you know is right! Take his love and take him, and run away from it all!"

Her granddaughter blinks at the ancient bitterness in her Gam's voice, and then nods.

"You were Traelithe?" she asks simply, her eyes never leaving her Gam's.

"Yes I was, dear. Now run along. I need my rest after recalling those times."

Traelithe stands and walks outside, moving towards that same garden bench where she and Trayton sat on that fateful day. Every day since that one, she came out at sunset, rain or shine, to sit and remember.

Watching the sunset today, her head begins

to slump as she begins to fall asleep.

As she begins to close her weary eyes, a misty form wavers into view beside her.

"Hello, love." Trayton's gentle voice greets her, his handsome face unmarked by the grave.

Her eyes filling with tears, Traelithe reaches out and grips the spectral hand. "Has the time finally come?" she asks softly, her age-racked voice causing Trayton to smile the wider.

"Yes love," he says, "after all these long years, we shall finally be together. Never to be separated again. We shall sleep the eternal sleep in each other's arms, and wake each new heavenly day to each other's faces."

The sun sets silently, sending purple beams of light streaking down over a now empty bench.

#### Beyond Shadows

Shadows grayed into her kitchen like a kitten stalking its prey as light edged through naked windows and bled

across the yellow mountain.

She stood in the maze of packing crates and rugs rolled up exposing floors satiny as new skin laid bare to the heels of dancers whirling to cacophonous chords.

Threading her way across the undressed rooms through the shreds of dreams unrayeled

unraveled the endings undone

through the divided spoils of chairs and beds and TV sets of friendships and family ties of childrens'

love, she reached for the light.



- John Balentine

#### taking pictures

thought i heard screaming so i downstairs to the rhythm of stole heartbeats and found the my cedar sepulcher where you buried all your bloodiest ghosts, thinking they could be confined by mere wooden walls. i found children there, smiling girls (the screams were mine) gathered in bouquets of blond and Kodak blue and belief in the goodness of life. i called them from the dark drawer into the safety of my arms and left the emptiness for уои.



- Sabrina Hood



- Rachel Harris

# requiescat in pace

Grubbing honeysuckle vines
that strangled civilized continuance
it was there—
an untelling lump like shrouded ones seen
in NATIONAL GEOGRAPHICS
before and after missionaries.

He tore at strands that tore his hands with barbed wire viciousness.

Thwarting anxiousness to find a relic with a tale to tell sawbriars wanted blood.

Burning

was quick answer to indifference
honeysuckle couldn't be blamed for.
His hurried hands
bleeding rakes, he pulled dead leaves
around the moldering pyre
put a match to it

stood back in awe as flames screamed visually at emptiness they filled obscenely in a bone yard for bicycles.

Handlebar grips weathered flesh pink, blistered like clinched fists.

Heart-shaped

the seat ruptured, spitting agony.

Fender pieces like remnants of a carapace after juices have been sucked out by a spider peeled brittlely.

Tires expired flame tongues licking over them

wanting more than rotting rubber to appease their Dante-imaged appetite. In smoke as black as overwhelming consciousness and hiss of hell-knowing heat he knew again

the boy who rode the bike
down a thrilling hill to suppertime
down a hill his mother hated
down and down
into Dead Man's Curve
in a resurrected Ford on Saturdays

down and down
into, around and out
to try again on a motorcycle
down into a steaming jungle
kudzu-tangled
nemesis of boys daring death

in war-designed machines.

Shrieking vines

burned a dark nostalgia down

to new beginning

leaving naked

black bones of unfinished bitterness.

He buried ruined remains
the way one buries faithful dogs
and planted sunflower seeds over them.
They'll reach up
on reassuring stalks
to fill a deepening void unsuccessfully.

Time will finish signs of finishing the fire could not in emptiness of dreams and suppertimes. Rust to dust beneath the many shades of sleep. In fullness of unfairness

he'll monitor
new eagerness of wilderness to assert itself
or with natural cleverness
habit vines will come creeping back
entangling honesty of grief
in acceptance of his own continuance.

- Gene Lominac





- Kerry Meier

### Beloved

Where are you,
my elusive one?
The One I've waited lifetimes for,
Whose pieces I have found
In all the places my heart has traveled.

It's time to manifest the whole picture.

Next month I'll be halfway to 90.

I can no longer be separate

From this large clump of myself called You.

And if you can't quite yet
Bring the body into my view
Then please send me a sign,
An unmistakable sign,
So I'll know for sure
That this long, circuitous route
does eventually
Lead to you.

- Betty Holt



- Rhiannon Davis



- Beth Owle

# Butterfly

I wish I were a butterfly sailing into the clear blue sky.

Floating along without a care not noticing if anything was there.

I would send down angels from up above
to fill this world with truth and love.
There would be no anger, trouble, and strife
everyone would love each other and have a glorious life.

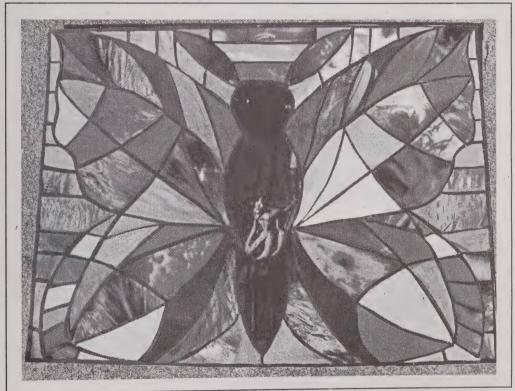
Children would not suffer or feel any pain and there would be no killing in order to gain.

People would help each other in times of need no matter the problem everyone would take heed.

Everyone would bow their heads and thank God for it all and when anyone felt lost, they would answer the call.

Walking side by side, and hand in hand whether black or white, woman or man.

Yes, I wish I were a butterfly whistling like a breeze
I would make everyone drop to their knees.
To praise the Lord for each and every day
that he blesses our lives in each and every way.



- Rachel Jones:

## May 4th, 1970

The phone rang as I was getting ready for work.

I didn't want to go, but had to.

It was a two-hour ride to campus.

I wished they'd all just go to class.

I wished I couldn't have gone to college.

I shot, but over their heads.

Two weeks later Neil wrote that song.

-Diana L. Jurss



- Troy Brolin



- Sherry Peek

The Miracle of Life

A tiny, little, minute seed flutters into sight,

Drifting slowly on its way, on a dark and windless night.

Little does the diminutive seed know of what path its life will take,

Of where it will fall, how it will grow, and of it what God will make.

Totally unaware of survival on its own,

The little seed begins its life all alone.

Closer, and closer, and yet closer it comes,

To the soil of its longing; so impassioned that it is struck dumb.

As it drifts to the ground and reaches the earth,

The seed is accepted, and has a second birth.

The cycle of life continues, and with a new chapter begun,

A little new life begins, beseeching from the world air, water, and sun.

The unknowing seed, over season upon season, will grow and mature, Until one day the seed will be a tree, so solid and sure.

Along the road to adulthood, the tree will cross through many a stage,

From seed to sapling, and sapling to tree. It would remain for many an age.

The tree would remain planted with its roots in the ground,

One that would tower over many, and many people would it astound.

This big and wondrous tree would stupefy many and catch the eye of all, And the one that began as a seed, so small and not tall,

Would "return to its roots," and one dark and windless night,

A tiny, little, unknowing seed will flutter into sight.

And so the cycle of life continues.

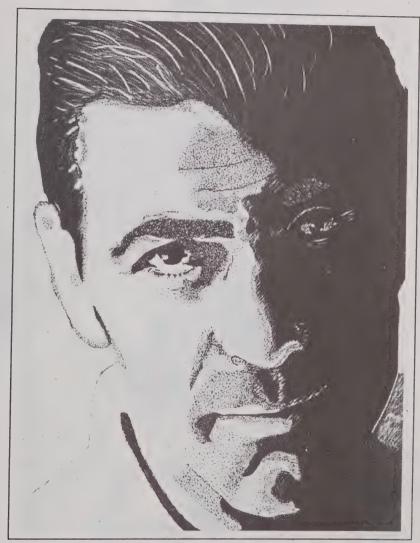
- Kathryn Guertin



- Kerry Meier



- Merrie Belle Meadows

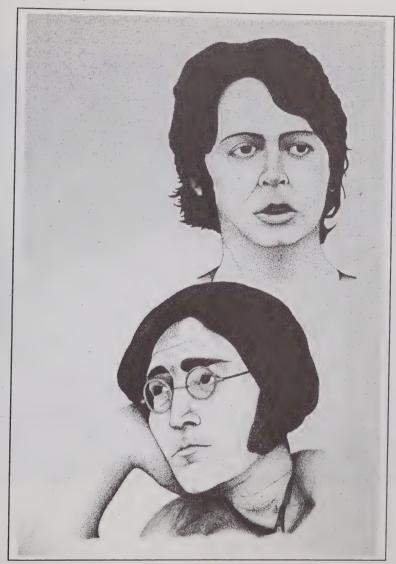


- Rhiannon Davis

#### Dever the same

Like a sudden amnesia thoughts, memories...gone A lost poem Ideas, emotions...stripped The story misplaced Dreams, hopes...stolen Work deleted by mistake Accomplishment, creativity...wasted A simple accident, nothing big But to the author...rape A piece of honesty, bared self Gone forever Irretriévable, irreplaceable Irreverence to the poet's soul Left only with those So sudden, too brief memories The hint of a tune on the tip of the tongue but nothing.

- Kathryn Guertin



- Travis Gresham



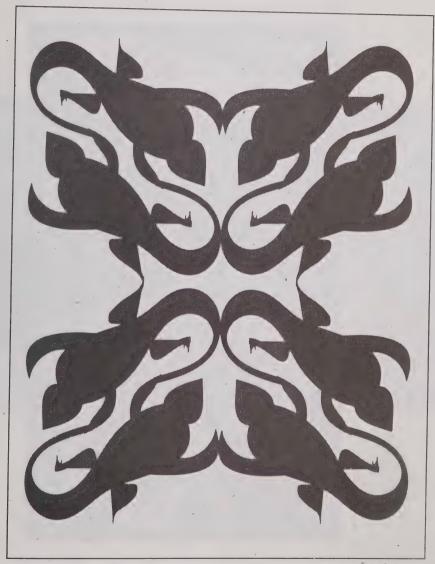
- Susie Adams



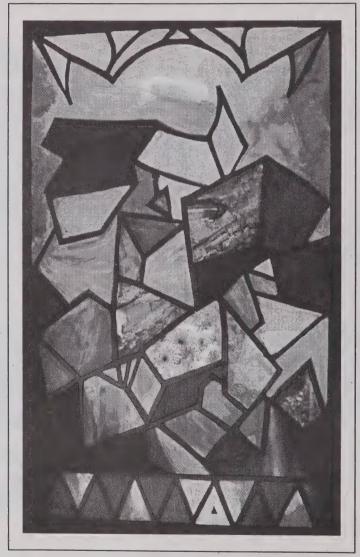
- Shawna Albright



- Kerry Meier



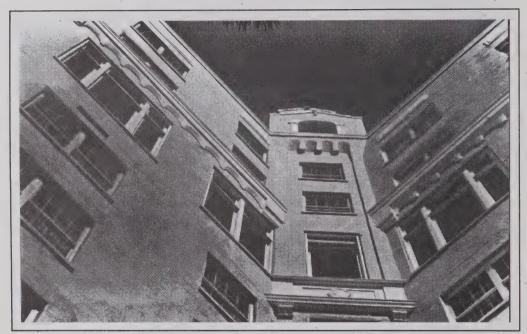
- Josh Sutton



- Rachel Harris



- Zac Clouse



- Shawna Albright



-- Troy Brolin

#### Call for Submissions

Manuscripts for the 2001-2002 edition of SCC *Milestone* will be accepted through Dec. 1, 2001. Each submission should include the author's name, address and phone number on every page.

Essays, local history, poetry and short stories - as well as black-and-white artwork - may be submitted. All submissions should be typed or printed.

Seven people whose manuscripts or works of art are selected for publication will also receive cash awards:

- A. First and second prize in poetry;
- B. First and second prize in prose;
- C. First and second prize in artwork;
- D. Cover Art.

Students, faculty, staff and alumni - along with residents of Macon, Swain and Jackson Counties and the Qualla Boundary - may submit manuscripts to the SCC Milestone.

For additional information, contact Southwestern Community College's Public Information Office at 586-4091, extension 265.



